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Book F7

THE

FREE & EASY,

OR,

Convidial Songster, 51
1835

A COLLECTION OF NEW AND POPULAR SONGS,

COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL.

There is no Pride about me.
The Literary Dustman.
Jim Crow
Toasts.
Vive le Roi.
The ladybird skims o'er the wood-
bine.
Pretty Baby, smile again.
There's a brightness in thine eye,
Love.
Well, I've been trying full an hour.
I really know not what to think.
Shout, Sons of the Ocean.
Weep not Mother, though thy Child
Good bye, my Love, good bye.
The Tiger crouches in the Wood.
Old Conwell, the Pilot, for many a
year.
I saw him but once.
We have Lived and Loved together.
Rouse from thy Slumber.
In the midst of its fury.
Napoleon's Grave.
Rise Herod, my Hound.
The Merry Mountain Horn.
Poor Bessy was a Sailor's Wife.
Sing, Sing, Sing, who Sings.
Should my Country demand.
Some Love to Roam.
Come fill me a Goblet of Sparkling
Wine.
When Time hath Bereft Thee.

When the Boatswain pipes all hands
To-morrow's my Birth-day.
Canst thou Love and coldly fly me.
One little Kiss from Lips I Love.
If that I Love.
Oh yes, so Well so Tenderly.
Pretty Rosaline.
Let us haste.
Here's a Health.
Sweet Anny frae the sea beach came.
'Twas in that Season of the Year.
Ye Banks and Braes.
The Gathering of the Clans.
In the Parish of Newington.
Though much is said.
One Morn while I was Brewing.
When I was but a Tiny Boy
I'll tell you how a Barber's Clerk.
The March of Intellect announces.
One Night came on a Hurricane.
If I had a Donkey wot would't go.
I'll sing you a Song, but its all on
the sly.
In my Note Book I find recorded.
From Brighton Two Paddies.
I was going to be Married One Day.
The Calais Packet.
Oh Punning's the theme of my Song
Gad a mercy! Devil's in me.
Bill Body is as Drunk a Man.
This is a Cab-age all allow.

O. HODGSON, 111, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

1837.

HODGSON'S

COLLECTION OF COMIC SONGS.

THE HACKNEY-COACH.

Mathews

AIR.—*Royal Charlie.*

THIS is a *cab age* all allow,
For only them we meet, now;
And omnibuses take the lead,
In every road and street, now;
Poor Jarvey he stands at a *stand*,
For a job's not to be had, now;
And if by chance he gets a call,
His *fare* is very bad now.

Spoken.] Now, I say, Jim, vy don't you get up? you ought to have been on the stand afore now; cause for why—if you'd ha' been on the stand, you'd been *off the stand*. Vot's o'clock? I'll tell you *'rectly*, Jim,—eh! no, I can't, my vatch has been on the *stand*, seemingly. How comfortable I have laid, to be sure! von o' your horses' nose-bags I've used for a night-cap, and t'other to put my feet in. Now, Sam, get the horses ready—curricomb 'em directly. Yes, it's very easy to say *curricomb 'em*; but who's to do it—over bones as sticks out like theirn does? I hung my hat on von o' their hip-bones last night, and there it vos this morning, sure enough! Look, Sam, that horse is going to sneeze—hit him a vhack on the flank. Vot for, vot for? Vy, if I vos to suffer that horse to sneeze, it would shake him all to pieces; whenever I sees him a making up a face to sneeze, I tips him a knock, and checks the *hincination*. See how natural that Butterfirkin puts his head to the corn-bin. Ah! if he'd a *grain* of sense, he wouldn't do that. See how natural he looks at me, as much as to say '*Hay?*' Vy, a bull leads a better life than von o' your cattle, Jim, for a bull does get *baited* sometimes, and your cattle never does. Ulloa! *why*, where's one o' the wheels gone off me *cuch*? I took it off last

night, to prewent it running away—they're always coming off, von or t'other, in the street; they're vot I calls the '*wheels of misfortune*!' I say, Mr. Coachman! I want a coach—make haste, I'm terribly cold. Vell then, get in, and put your hands into my *cutch pockets*. Ned, lend me half a soveren, vill you? Why? No apology, Ned, I don't require it—give us over the sufferer. Jack, what's the reason that that black mare is so melancholy. Why, she vos vonce put into a mourning-coach, and the poor thing's never recovered the shock properly.

This is a *cab age*, &c.

The Jarvey never gets a lift,
Without giving one to others;
Like a duck, he likes a rainy day,
When mist and snow down smother.
[wish,
He's e'er prepared to meet each
Whatever wind may blow, sirs;
His care is drowned in a bowl,
And his only joy is *wo!* sirs.

Spoken.] I say, Jim, don't you see you're called? that woman yonder, at the door, wants you. Coach, coach!—let down the steps, coachman—drat it! how the wind blows—my candle spits—I can't come out, coachman, or my candle will go out; these two children are going back again to school at Rochester—you must take them to Lad Lane to meet the coach. Good by, my little dears! good by! [*Aside.*] The nasty ugly little whelps.—Good by! Now then, ya hip! st—st—st! go along, Butterfirkin! gee he! Oh, crikey! oh! stop the coach, if you please. What's the matter? Oh! I've left half-a-dozen marbles behind. Now then, jump up, my little dears. Dorchester, Dorchester! jump up. Where are these children going to, sir? Dorchester. Jump up.—Now then, all's right, go along! Good by,

children! good by! I say, Jack—how vet I am, I haven't a dry thread about me. Ulloa! what coach is this coming up? The Rochester coach, sir. The Rochester! why, damme! that's the coach I should have sent the children by! the names of Dorchester and Rochester sounded so much alike, that I have sent 'em to Dorchester, instead of Rochester—never mind, there's as good schools at one place as at t'other. I was at a *knucker-dammy* there once myself. How do, Mr. Fagan? Sure, I'm very well, thank you! I've come to look for a gentleman that is lost. A gentleman lost! where? Here, read this bill. [*Reads.*] 'Lost! an elderly gentleman, about forty-five years of age—with a wart on his left hand—ferocious look. Had on a blue faded coat, white waistcoat all over snuff, a paper-machée snuff-box in his pocket; two seals, one marked W. R., the other U. N. R. He was last seen to be lifted into a hackney coach—he told the coachman to drive him to the devil; but the coachman refused to go, unless he would insure him the *back* fare. Whoever has found the said gentleman, will receive two pounds' reward! No greater reward will be offered, as his disconsolate friends will not give more than the value.'

This is a *cab age*, &c.

The jarvey bears the brunt of all
Their scoffing and their jesting;
And seldom gets a civil word,
For each seems him molesting.
He's food for every jester's mirth;
And his horses have their *chaff-*
ing,—

His *rattle* they play with in style,
There's no end to their laughing.

[*Spoken.*] I say, old fellow—you've nearly stove my coach in with your pole—but never mind. I don't. Jack, your mare's gone to sleep. Never mind! wait till I gets a fare, and see vot a cut I'll gee her. Coachman (*hic*) drive me to (*hic*) to the theatre. Which on 'em, sir? Which you like—which is (*hic*) which is best? I say, look, here comes a black footman—in white livery. Dam oo imprance, massa—what oo make game on him or? I hope no offence. Do you want a coach, mungo? No, me wan no coach—me *in a hurry*, massa. Crikey, Jack! what a pair

o' bandy legs tea-pot's got. No, him legs am bery well, massa, only him got debilish *crooked* stocking on. I say, aggrawating Sam, vot's the vorth o' your two knackers? Vy, that von's vorth von pound five alive, and sixteen bob when dead. Why, he's worth as much dead as alive, then? what do you keep him for? Vy, can't you tell?—to make them iike a pair. The other von does all the vork. Ve calls the lazy von *Sinecure*. I'll toss you for a pot, Long Bob. A pot o' what? A pot o' vot you likes. Small, home-brewed, table, or anything *ere*, so as it ain't the lament-table. I toss'd up a ha'penny—where's it gone? I think it must have dropp'd into the horse's ear. Now let's go into the Marquis of Granby's Head. Pray, sir, is the Marquis of Granby a general? No, he's a Inn-sign. I say, father, don't drink all that beer, save us a drop. There, my boy—the boy likes a drop—he takes after his father. Yes, I may take after you—but I *take wery* little, though. What's the reason that hackney coachman sits there, with his spectacles on. Oh! he's waiting for a fare—he's asleep, but don't want them to know it. Sam, vot are you summons'd for? Nothing, no thing, only for being sarcy, and taking eight shillings more than my fare. Long Bob—don't you hit your cattle about like that; vy don't you hit 'em all alike? not strike von on the stomach and t'other on the head. Oh! I'm trying to oblige 'em—von likes it on von place, and t'other on t'other.

This is a *cab age*, &c.

BILL BODY IS AS DRUNK A MAN.

BILL Body is as drunk a man
As any in this town;
And tries to keep his *body* up
By a *weight* upon his crown.
For he a *porter* is by trade,
And oft of liquor thinks;
So when anything this *porter ails*,
Why, *ale* this *porter* drinks.
Tol de roi, &c.

One night Bill Body with a load
To Blenheim—steps he sped;
His *head above his body* shook,
Cause he'd a *body above his*
head. [*a tune*,
He drank more ale, and humm'd
Then his head went niddy nod
dy;

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When down the *living* Billy fell,
Dead drunk upon the *body*.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Now as *Body* with the *body* lay,
 Before the doctor's door,
 A *body snatcher* came *behind*,
 Who'd snatch'd many a one *be-*
fore; [the *dead*,
 From the *living body* snatched
 And put it on his back;
 Bill loudly cried out for the *bag*,
 But he gave instead the *sack*.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Now Bill was weeks out of employ,
 For meddling with the dead,
 Which was a great *weight* on his
mind,
 Instead of on his *head*.
 But now he's got a *dyer's* place,
 Satisfaction he does give;
 He once got his *living* by the
dead,
 But now he *dyes* to *live*.
 Tol de rol, &c.

And now he says he'll never more
 Bear a knot upon his head,
 And as long as he's a *living* man,
 Will let alone the *dead*;
 So he took unto himself a wife,
 Who to please each other strive,
 And now *Mr.* and *Mrs.* *Body* are
 The happiest *souls* alive.
 Tol de rol, &c.

GAD-A-MERCY ! DEVIL'S IN ME.

Gad-a-mercy ! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me ;
 Like a may pole round me cluster,
 Hanging garlands, ruses and fluster.

Jilting, capering, grinning, smirking,
 [ing,
 Ponting, bobbing, winking, jerk-
 Cocking bills up, chins up perk-
 ing,

Kates and Betties,
 Polls and Letties,
 All were doating, gentle creatures,
 On these features ;

Pretty damsels,
 Ugly damsels,
 Black-hair'd damsels,
 Red-hair'd damsels,
 Six feet damsels,
 Three-feet damsels,
 Pale-faced damsels,
 Plump-faced damsels,
 Small-legged damsels,
 Thick legged damsels,
 Dainty damsels
 Dowdy damsels

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-
 hair'd, [plump-faced,
 Six-feet, three-feet, pale faced,
 Small legged, thick-legged, dainty
 dowdy,
 All run after me, sir, me ;
 For, when pretty fellows we,
 Pretty maids are frank and free.
 Gad-a mercy ! devil's in me,
 All the ladies wish to win me ;
 For their stay taking measure
 Of the ladies, oh, the pleasure !
 Oh, such tempting looks they gi'
 me,

Wishing of my heart to nim me !
 Pat, and cry, ' You devil, Jem-
 Pretty ladies, [my '
 Ugly ladies,
 Black-hair'd ladies.
 Red-hair'd ladies,
 Six-feet ladies,
 Three-feet ladies,
 Pale-faced ladies,
 Plump-faced ladies,
 Small-legged ladies,
 Thick-legged ladies,
 Dainty ladies,
 Dowdy ladies,

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-
 hair'd, [plump-faced,
 Six-feet, three-feet, pale-faced,
 Small legged, thick-legged, dainty,
 dowdy,
 All run after me, sir, me ;
 For, when pretty fellows we,
 Ladies all are frank and free.

THE PUNNING SOCIETY.

Oh ! punning's the theme of my
 song, [propriety ;
 Which I'll give, you will say, with
 So a description will not take me
 long,

To picture a Punning Society.
 The wit, oh ! it copiously flows
 As the wine down their throats
 they are pouring ;
 While some are beginning to dose,
 The rest kept awake by their
 snoring.

Spoken.—Gentlemen, you are
 going to sleep too soon ; if you will
 have the kindness to keep awake a
 little longer, I have something to in-
 form you, and that is, gentlemen—
 Mr. *Curd*, who is a great acquisi-
 tion to this society, is *away*, in
 consequence—Sir, this being a pun-
 ning society, I cannot resist inter-
 rupting you,—you say, friend *Cura*
 is a *Whey*,—now, I am something
 in that *way* myself, being a milk-
 man and dealer in *curds* and *whey*

—I consider I have a right to make a pun. Well, Sir, I hope you nave *left* off, for I was not alluding to curds and whey what people drinks, but Mr. Curd's absence, which is in consequence of—hem—hem—in consequence—hem—hem—of—of—his absence is in consequence—hem—hem—of his *absenting himself*, gentlemen. Bravo, an excellent apology. Excellent! Cicero never spoke better. How is it friend *Hare* is not here? He won't be long *ere* he is; he's never *backward* in coming *forward*. Sir, I agree with you, I never knew him *behind before*. Bravo! go it, my vitty vons. Oh, here he is; how are you, friend *Hare*. Od *rabbit* it, I'm all of a *stew*, I've run so. Well, I likes *stewed Hare*. Bravo, pun away. How are all the little Hares? All *fil*, I'm sorry to say; Sally's got a *sore eye*. Sure, that must be quite an *eye sore* to her. Bravo, ha! ha! ha! Tommy still keeps *weak* in his legs. I know, he has been *weak* this *fortnight*. Good. But Mary, how is she? Why, she has a bad *toe*. Bad in *to to*, eh? Ha! ha! ha! good again. I trust her *toe* will soon *heal*. Bravo, there you goes agin, pun upon pun —I never heard such chaps; how I likes to be here; I only vish I could pun. Well, I'll learn you for five shillings a week. I'll learn you for four and six-pence. Don't go to him. Why? Because he puns *under the Crown*.

So, huzza for our Punning Society;
Jovial fellows well met,
All things are done with propriety,
Then hurrah for so jovial a *set*.
Then the wine it gets into their heads,

And turns the wit out of its station;

Nonsense gets in, in its stead,
And their puns now are all bo-
theration; [others,
Yet some are more cautious than
And keep up their puns with de-
corum,

Tell a droll tale for their brothers,
Who lie dreaming of blue devils
o'er um.

Spoken.]—Mr. Pwethident and gentlemen, I beg leave to thay thith ith the firth time I wath ever in thith thothiety; and feeling, ath I may thay, a perthonal interetht—Ha! ha! ha! order, order, chair,

chair. Yeth, thur, ath I thaid afore, a perthonal interetht, I thould werry much like to become one of the memberth of thith thothial thothiety. No objection, sir, if you can make a pun or two. Yeth, thir, I am pwowd to thay I can pun, and altho make conumdrumth: —I athked my grandmother and thithterth one the other day; well, thur, Thally guethed, and Thuthau guethed, and Tharah guethed, and brother Tholomon guethed, and neither on un guethed it pwoppur, —it wath thith, thir, (latht Thundayth thieron reminded me on it) —Why ith my hat like Golgotha? quite original—one of my own, thur,—give it up? thaitth I. Yeth, thath granny. Becauth, thath I, it ith the plath of athkull!—A'nt that a good un, thir? thithterth and all laughed, and thaid I wath the cleveretht of the family. Very clever; indeed, Mr. Numskull. Mr. Waterman, at your thurvith, thir. Waterman, is it? Ah, then, I don't wonder at your talking about yours skull. Very good, bravo. Ah, how do you do, friend Day? what made you so late? Why, I dare say it seems strange to you, gentlemen, to see *Day* at ten o'clock at *night*. Bravo, a pun directly he enters. You hav'nt brought your *son*, have you, Day? No, it being late at *night*, I have put the *son* to bed. Good,—then he's got a warm berth. Nothing uncommon is it, for the *son* to be warm? Bravo,—but where is friend Gabble? Oh, he's *left* some time. *Left*, has he?—that's not *right*, though. I say he ought to be *fined*, Mr. Day—what say you? Why, as he's left, there's no knowing where to *find* him. Bravo, ha! ha! ha!—Day is making up for *lost* time. Good, good—*go it*, my punsters. *Go it!* you want us all *gone*, do you? ha! ha! ha! Vell, I likes that 'ere Mr. Day;—I'll ax him to drink wi' me; I zay, zur, will'e drink wi' me. Thank'ee, I will. What'll ye ha' a drop of? Any thing you please, sir, for there's only one *drop* I have an objection to. What *drop* be that, zur? Give it up, sir? Ees. Why, the *drop of Neugate*. By gum, that's a *good un*. Ees, but *that drop's* for *bad ones*. Well, *drop* that *subject*, if you please, zur. Why, there's *subjects* enough

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drop there certainly, and I should be no *subject*, if I made such *subjects* as them the *subject* of my wit, when another *subject* wishes me to drop the *subject*; therefore, rather than *subject* myself to the censure of my brother *subjects*, I will proceed to another *subject*.

So, huzza, &c.

Now a member he gets up to *say*,
That he has got something to
speak,

In the absence of friend Mr. *Day*
(Who if here he would pun for
a week)— [*Knight*

They would call on his friend Mr.
To give them a *song* till he came;
So all friends agreed left and right,
That *Knight* should proceed with
the same.

Spoken.—All order for Mr.
Knight's song. 'Pon my verd, I've
got sich a *bad gum-bile*, thelse I
vould. Ha! ha! ha! Call on Mr.
Squeak. Mr. *Squeak*, I hope you
will oblige the company. (*Spoken*
in imitation of a bad cold.) 'Pon
my vord, I vould, but my voice is
quite *failed* me. Oh, that's no-
thing wonderful, considering you
failed yourself, a short time since.
Now, I should have thought that
would have made him *squeak* the
more. (*In imitation of a cold.*
Sir, I think if you vould make sich
a pun as that 'ere, you vould pick
my pockets. That would be of no
use, for I'm sure I should *fail* my-
self then, for you've got nothing to
take. To order, gentlemen,—chair,
chair, order, order. How do you
like your new house, Mr. *Squeak*.
Oh, werry well, but the *rent's* so
high. Ah, the *rent* must be a
great *tax* on you, sir. There you
goes agin. Bravo, but there's the
taxes beside. Ah, they would be
better *rent* in two. That's your
sort,—go it, my *rum'uns*. Do you
know why the *rum'uns* go it so
much, Mr. *Squeak*? No, that's
vat I don't. Give it up? Ees. Be-
cause they are lads of *spirit*—an't
that a good un, eh? Ees, gee us
another, vill you? Perhaps you
vill gee us von on my *friend's*
name—will 'ee, zur. Ah! gee us
one on my neame, will 'ee, zur?
What is it, sir? *Ketch*, at *your*
zurvice, zur. *Ketch*, is it? You'll
not be offended at my pun, sir, I
hope? Certainly not, zur. Then
go and *hang yourself*, Mr. *Ketch*.
Noa I'll be *shot if I do*. No,

you'd be *hanged* if you do. Good,
good,—go it again; bravo! I could
hear *Day* all *night*. Why, Mr.
Ketch, you seem in high *glee* with
the *society*. Never in higher *glee*,
upon my soul. Yes, you were,
sir. Ven vas I? Why, just now,
when you were *singing with two*
others. So, huzza, &c.

THE CALAIS PACKET.

Sung by Mr. Mathews.

Who's for Calais, the packet is
sailing now, [too late;
Pray make haste, or you'll all be
Leave your lunch, no time for
galing now— [to wait.

Pray can't you beg of the captain
Wind and tide never stay,

Come, haste now, let's away;
Here, waiter, what's to pay? all's
ready now, [enham ferry,
O charming, and very like Twick-
Is crossing over to Calais, I vow.

Spoken.—Now, sir, if you mean
to go, you must come.—I am only
taking leave of my relations.—O,
we hav'nt time to take leave of
relations now.—La, Captain, how
I have run, I am quite out of breath.
They told me you were gone; I
had no time to eat my lunch, and
hardly time to pay for it.—Never
mind your lunch, sir, it will be all
the same in an hour's time.—Why,
Captain, there's no fear, is there?—
Yes, ma'am, plenty of fear, but no
danger.—Dear me, how shall I get
on board?—This way, ma'am, step
on this plank.—That! bless me, it's
no broader than a two-penny rib-
bon; I am as giddy as a *goose*, and
I shouldn't like a *duck*.—That la-
dy's afraid of a *pitch-in*.—*Goose*,
duck, and *pigeon*, what a horrid
pun! that fellow deserves to be sent
to the Poultry Compter for it.—
Take care, oh! I am so *frightful*.—
You are, indeed, ma'am.—Stop the
ship, the captain don't know his
way.—I say, Captain.—O don't bo-
ther me with your nonsense.—I
want to ask you a question, Cap-
tain,—pray how's the wind?—
Pretty well, thankee, how are you?
Pray, Captain, how far are we from
Calais?—A little better than five
leagues.—A little better, a little
worse, you mean.—Well, never
you mind, you'll be there *first*.—
Why, Sir?—Why, you're half seas
over already.—O dear, how nice
we are going along; I do like it

so; I an't sick a bit; what a way we are from Dover already; there, I do think I see the spires of Calais.—Where—where?—Where, why at Calais, to be sure.—Well, sir, you have no occasion to be so sharp; I don't suppose you saw them at Deal.—Talking of Deal, who's for a rubber?—I doesn't allow of no cards on board my *wessel*.—Well, Twizzle, how do you like it?—O, I like it *werry* much, it's just like sailing to Twickenham on a Sunday,—only it's a little more broaderer and a little more salterer.—I should like to have a song; what do you think of the Storm?—O, don't mention it?—Pa, sing that song you sung when we went to Chelsea in the *funny*—That funny was a *wherry*, my dear.—Oh, was it? why then it was *wery funny*,—for

How pleasant, and very like Twickenham ferry, [I vow.
Is crossing from Dover to Calais,
All so gay when we entered the packet here, [changed,
Half seas over the scene is quite
Wind against us, confusion and racket here, [ranged :
Sickly visages, and toilets de-
I shall be ill, I fear,
I feel a little queer,
Can't we go back? My dear,
that's too late now.

Spoken.—Oh! oh! I never was so ill in all my life, O, O.—Serve you right, you would come a pleasuring; now you've got your belly full of it.—I wish I hadn't come, I'm so giddy; the next time I go to France, I'll go the whole way by land.—I say, look at Twizzle, he said he should enjoy it; I'll speak to him.—No, don't.—Yes, I must; see what a pickle he is in.—No, don't; it will be cruel.—I say, Twizzle, how do you find yourself? you seem to be very poorly.—O, O, O. (*Imitation of sickness.*)—Ah! Pips, how do, Pips? you seem to be hard at it there; I am going down; can I bring any thing up for you?—Who's for a fat mutton-chop?—I was as well as ever I was in my life, till that fellow mentioned the mutton-chop.—Well, never mind, keep a good heart.—Keep—a man need have a stomach of iron to keep any thing, I think.—O dear, Molly, Molly, where's my servant? I'm dying.—So am I, ma'am, and

can't come.—How dare you be ill when I want you? Captain, Captain, bring the brandy-bottle, I'm going to go. Pray, Captain, was any person ever lost here?—No, sir, several's been drowned, but we always found them again.—Sir, the next time you are taken so, I'd thank you to turn your head; you've quite spoiled my wife's pelisse.—If people's taken suddenly, people can't help other people's pelisses, sir.—Captain, could I lay down a bit?—Yes, sir, there's a bed below, there's only three in it.—Captain, my hat's overboard.—Never mind your hat, sir.—I shouldn't, but my wig is in it.—There's a *whale*.—A *whale*! where, where? I'd give a hundred guineas to see a whale: never seed a whale in all my life.—No, sir, it's only a *mispronunciation*, sir, that's all; it's my wife's *wail*, what she wears over her vig, sir, that's all.—O, is it?—then

How charming, and very like Twickenham ferry,
Is crossing over to Calais, I vow.
Full six hours after sailing from Dover,
Safely anchored at Calais at last :
All forgetting their sufferings now over, [than the past.
But what's to follow is worse
Can't make the pier, good lack!

Carried on shore pick-a-back,
Souise in the water smack, these are the joys now.

Spoken.—Tell me, Captain, can't you make the Pier of Calais?—Yes, and I can run foul of the Bar, too.—No, no, I *bar* that, says Twizzle.—Where's the breakers?—There, a-head.—What does he say? ah, break my head.—No, no, the breakers ahead.—What's that the Bar? dear me, I always thought it was a large pole of iron.—And I always thought it was like Temple Bar.—Captain, how are we to go ashore? in a boat?—No, I wish we could, ma'am.—How are we to go ashore, then?—As well as we can, ma'am,—there, these two Frenchmen will carry you on their shoulders.—Particularly horrid! I declare I am so giddy, I don't know, I declare, whether I am on my head or on my heels.—Oh, you're right side uppermost now, ma'am, depend upon it.—O, O, I'm black and blue already, these

fellows are pinching and pulling me about so.—I say, Twizzle, do you twig that lady's legs on the two fellows' backs, carrying her through the water.—Legs! mill-posts, you mean.—Why, yes, as you say, she don't stand upon trifles.—Vell, if ever I saw such a posse of women in the water before! Vell, I vonder if there's a specimen of the French belles now.—O crikey, Bill! here's a jolly row.—O la! if there a'nt the dandy gentleman fell off the board and stuck up to his knees in mud.—O dear, O dear! here's a pretty pickle I'm in; will not any kind hand help me out of this dreadful delirium? I cannot possibly survive it.—Here, tip us your hand, man; there you are, all safe and sound.—Yes, here I may be all safe and sound, but where are my pumps, where are both my pumps?—Never mind your pumps, all you've got to do is to pump on shore—Thus—

With laughter and racket they all leave the packet,
To Paris, dear Paris, they scamper away.

I WAS GOING TO BE MARRIED, ONE DAY.

I was going to be married one day, do you know,
And a nice wedding dinner was dressing below,

When, to see how affairs in the kitchen might go,

I just slipp'd aside

From my beautiful bride,

For a peep at the roast, at the boiled, and the fried.

Oh! there did I see

A rich fricassee,

A loin of fat veal,

A ham, and stewed eel;

Of venison a haunch,

For an alderman's paunch;

With wild-fowl and tame,

And plenty of game;

And puddings and pies,

That delighted mine eyes;

A young sucking-pig,

And a turbot so big;

They were quite at a loss

To provide oyster sauce.

So, says I to the cook, 'With your leave, ma'am, I'll try

A slice of that delicate brown-looking fry;

And as for that fowl you've put parsley enough in,

Do you find the turkey, and I'll find the stuffing,

Since nobody now is by.'

I flourish'd my knife, and I pointed my fork, [a cork,

And boldly resolved, after drawing On a touch, please the pigs, at

that spare-rib of pork,

When a friend slipp'd aside

With my beautiful bride,

And together at church they were speedily tied,

While I was in glee

At the rich fricassee, &c.

Then the new-married couple came merrily back, [of a snack;

And found me still picking my bit

But, says I, 'My good people, I'll

not be a huff in, [the stuffing;

Do you find the turkey and I'll find

So dinner was dished in a crack

THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

From Brighton two paddies walk'd under the cliff, [plore;

For pebbles and shells to ex-

When, lo! a small barrel was dropp'd from a skiff, [shore,

Which floated at length to the

Says Dermot to Pat, we the owner will bilk, [frisky;

To-night we'll be merry and

I know it as well as my own's mother's milk, [key.

Dear joy! 'tis a barrel of whis-

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot! [no joker),

(Now Pat, you must know, was

I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,

And borrow his hot kitchen poker.

'Twas said and 'twas done—the barrel was bor'd,

(No bacchanals ever felt prouder)

When Paddy found out a small error on board, [der!

The whiskey, alas! was gunpow-

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean, [leg;

And high in the air sported a

Yet instinct prevails, when philosophy fails, [keg.

So he kept a tight hold of the

But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout, [Wiseman;

I'm not to be chous'd, master

If you do not come down, I'll run into the town, [ciseman.

And, by Jasus! I'll tell the ex-

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

MORNING LOUNGES.

In my note-book I find recorded,
in poetic diction worded, a true
and particular list, of rare things
which must not be miss'd, and
which I have picked up in my
various excursions..

Of the things I have seen, [fine
places whereat I've been, many
wonderful sights, a whole fund of
delights, of rare doings and rare
diversions.

I've been very exact, in noting down
every fact, in setting down each
funny act, to make a volume of
fun compact, and here I invite
you to witness my exhibition.

So just gather round, and keep
silence profound, while I record
the fun, of the famous year 1831 ;
and wonders I've seen in each
expedition.

Wonderful, curious, astonish-
ing, [walks.

Are the things I've seen in my
First of all, in Leicester Square,
I have paid a visit there, and
witnessed the panoramas, physio-
ramas, dioramas, cosmoramas,
and a dozen more *ramas*, that
I cannot mention.

There you can view Rome's famous
city, which is grand, magnificent,
and pretty ; but ere this Rome
you can view-it, you must *roam*
a long way to do it, for you must
travel up stairs, a million.

The length makes you swear, as
you climb up every stair, and
then it's so far to return again,
that with anger you burn again,
which makes you damn Rome,
Greece, Ida, or Helion.

Wonderful, curious, &c.

Then to the Colosseum you can
drive in your gig, in stately pride
and consequence big, and see
wondrous works and nature in
every part : there's cascades,
waterfalls, fountains, towers,
Swiss cottages, more than I can
now say.

Oh the world, if not his wife, goes
to see these wonders of life ; and
folks all, when there, vow and
declare, it's just like being in
Paradise, only for the *two shil-
lings you have to pay !*

At the Egyptian Hall, tho' the
Siamese youths are gone, there's
another wonder shown—a little
boy without the least trouble,
Master M'Clean, sees double,

and if you please he will give
you a *double sight*.

His father's with him too, to prove
what he can do, for you know the
old joke does run — ' two heads
e better than one ; ' yet without
seeing, hearing, or smell, any
what's ask'd, he'll tell perfect'y
true, ready, and right.

Wonderful, curious, &c.

Then there was the wonderful
whale, whom they took a sum-
mer-house for his tail, which on
only to cast your eye, would al-
most make you cry, and make
you *blubber*, though there was
no blubber in him.

Then there's a wonderful *sight* of
fleas, whom you can look at if
you please ; they're all harness'd
like horses, and draws overroads,
hills, and crosses, a coach, coach-
man, passengers, and all in trim.

If they do all this now, the time is
not very distant, I vow, when
they won't be so abused, and so
monstrously ill-used, nor serve
us to *rack* our jokes upon, and
brag on.

And that the working-classes won't
be so tormented and teaz'd, but
of their labour they will be
greatly eas'd, for they can put
them to purposes of benefit ; for,
if fleas are so strong, there'll be
many fit to work, and we shall
have a *flea* as well as a *fly*-
waggon !

Wonderful, curious, &c.

THE LOVES OF HUMPHREY SUCKIT, &c.

I'll sing you a song, but it's all
on the sly, [I ;
It's a bit of a song about Betty and
And while she is making a sop in
the pan,

I'll try to remember it all, if I can.
Ri, tu ral, loo ral, loo, &c.

When Betty wur born, no feyther
she had,

'Twas the same wi' me, for I had no
dad ;

For my mother, she said, she said,
said she,

If I had a father, he didn't know
me.

Ri tu ral, &c.

When Betty and I we grew up
together,
Began billing and cooing like birds
of a feather,

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

And then nurse, the old woman, she
 prophesied, she,
 We should take one another for
 better or wee.

Ri tu ral, &c.

When Betty's a roasting a joint
 by the fire, [down by her;
 I gets in the kitchen, and sets me
 Then I casts up my eyes, and I
 smacks my chops,
 While she in the gravy is making
 the sops. Ri tu ral, &c.

We ha' been ask'd in church, and
 ha' gotten the ring,
 So I'll speak to the parson to do
 the thing;
 So in nine months' time no doubt
 you'll see [and me.
 Some sweet little babes, like Betty
 Ri tu ral, &c.

IF I HAD A DONKEY WOT WOULDN'T GO.

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't
 go,

D'ye think I'd wollop him?—no,
 no, no;

But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
 Because I hate all cruelty:

If all had been like me, in fact,
 There'd ha' been no occasion for
 Martin's Act,

Dumb animals to prevent getting
 crack'd

On the head. [go,
 For if I had a donkey wot wouldn't
 I never would wollop him—no, no
 no;

I'd give him some hay, and cry,
 Gee O!

And come up, Neddy.
 What makes me mention this, this
 morn

I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
 Whilst he was out a crying his
 greens,

His donkey wollop with all his
 means;

He hit him o'er his head and thighs,
 He brought the tears up in his eyes,
 At last my blood began to rise,

And I said—

If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill turn'd and said to me, 'Then,
 perhaps,

You're one of these Mr. Martin
 chaps,

Wot now is seeking for occasion
 All for to lie a hinfornation.'

Though this I stoutly did deny,
 Bill up and gave me a blow in the
 eye,

And I replied, as I let fly
 At his head—
 If I had a donkey, &c.

As Bill and I did break the peace,
 To us came up the New Police,
 And hiked us off, as snre as fate,
 Afore the sitting magistrate;
 I told his worship all the spree,
 And for to prove my veracity,
 I wish'd he would the animal see,
 For I said—

If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill's donkey was ordered into
 court,
 In which he caused a deal of sport;
 He cock'd his ears and op'd his
 jaws,
 As if he wish'd to plead his cause.
 I prov'd I'd been uncommonly
 kind—

The ass got a verdict—Bill got fin'd
 For his worship and I were of one
 mind,

And he said—

If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill said, 'Your worship, it's very
 hard,

But 'tisin't the fine that I regard;
 But times are come to a pretty pass,
 When you mustn't beat a stubborn
 ass.

His worship said nothing, but shut
 his book,

So Billy off his donkey took,
 The same time giving him sich a
 look—

For I said—Bill—

If I had a donkey, &c.

BARNEY BUNTLINE AND BILLY BOWLING.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
 The sea in mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turned his
 quid,

And said to Billy Bowling,—

'A strong sow-west is blowing,
 Oh! don't you hear it roar, now?

Lord help 'em! how I pities all

Unlucky folks ashore now.

Fool-hardy chaps wot lives in
 towns,

What dangers they are all in!
 Now they are quaking in their beds

For fear the roof should fall in:

Poor creatures, how they envies us,
 And wishes, I've a notion,

For our good luck, in sich a storm
 To be upon the ocean.

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

Then as to them kept out all day,
 On business, from their houses,
 Returning home quite late at night
 To cheer their wives and spouses;
 While you and I upon the deck
 Comfortably are lying:
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-
 pots
 About their heads are flying.
 And often have we seamen heard
 How men are kill'd and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves and fires, in London.
 We know what risks all landmen
 run,
 From noblemen to tailors;
 So, Bill, I say, you and I may
 Thank Providence we are sailors.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

DANDO,

The celebrated Oyster Glutton.

THE *March of Intellect* announces
 That some live on the *march of*
bounces :

So, as *bouncing* now is quite the
 thing,

A *bounceable* song I'll try to sing.
 Some *bounce about*, with kicks
 and blows, [nose ;

And some get *punch'd* upon the
 But that's here nor there—there
 once did dwell

Dando, the *bouncing* seedy swell—

So shickery, trickery, rum tum
 bawl,

Sponging and lounging on vic-
 tims all ;

Death collar'd Dan in Clerken-
 well—

Dando, the *bouncing* seedy
 swell.

Dando, he had *long-Acre* limbs,
 And many *victimizing* whims,
 An old white hat slouch'd over his
 eyes,
 And a *flounder* mouth for *mutton*
pies.

His coat was rusty, hole-y, and fat,
 His hair was like an old door-mat ;
 He stepp'd out lofty in Pell Mell—
 Dando, the *bouncing* seedy swell.

So shickery, &c.

His Sunday dress went *up the*
spout ;

His shoes let water in and out ;
 His stockings, too, seem'd in des-
 pair—

Like *port-holes*, they let in *fresh*
air.

For prisons he'd not care a pin,

He was *no sooner* out than *in*,
 For something good he'd always
 smell—

Dando, the *bouncing* seedy swell.
 So shickery, &c.

One day he walk'd up to an oyster-
 stall,

To *punish the natives*, large and
 small ;

Just *thirty dozen* he managed to
 bite,

With *ten penny loaves*—what an
 appetite !

But when he had done, without
 saying good day,

He *bolted* off, *scot free*, away ;

He *savag'd the oysters*, and left
 the shell—

Dando, the *bouncing* seedy swell.
 So shickery, &c.

He once went into a tavern so sly :
 Two ducks he devour'd, and six
 plates of pie,

A large leg of mutton, and part of
 a trout,

Two bottles of sherry, and then he
 walked out ;

But when he was stopp'd, says he,
 with a groan,

' You cannot, you know, get blood
 from a stone.'

To *live on the bounce* why he di'
 very well—

Dando, the *bouncing* seedy swell.
 So shickery, &c.

Dando, he's gone ; alas, poor Dan,
 He'll go no more in the *Police-*
van ;

But Dando's name fills some with
 dread—

I think he was *born in an oyster-*
bed.

Dando, he's gone to *feed the*
worms,

With him they'll live on very good
 terms.

So *Dando oysters* the folks can
 sell—

Dando, the *bouncing* seedy swell.
 So shickery, &c.

—

THE BARBER'S CLERK.

I'LL tell you how a barber's clerk,
 Who lived in London near the
 park,

Did get his living in the *dark*,
 Although 'twas light,

But this naughty man such *tricks*
 did play,

And kept them on day after day ;
 But at last this clerk was sent away,

On board a ship.

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

However, by some cunning way,
He soon came back, but not to
stay,
For soon they in the grave did lay
This barber's clerk.

This barber's clerk thought he would
one day
Into a tavern take a stray,
To get a dinner without pay,
At least, he'd try his luck.
So in he went and took a seat,
And soon called for a dish of meat;
They little thinking 'twas a sleight-
hand feat,

The meat they brought,
But soon found out to their dismay,
This was the very man that could
not pay,
For when he'd ate it, he ran away,—
Did this barber's clerk.

This clerk fell in love with a know-
ing miss,
As in the park he went a walking,
And without leave he took a kiss,
While she to her beau was talk-
ing.

But her beau turned round in such
a rage,
In a moment made this clerk en-
gage
To fight with him, poor Mister
Page,

Next morning early.
At Chalk Farm they'd agreed to
meet,
To fight for this dear pretty sweet,
Who'd been insulted in the street
By the barber's clerk.

Mr. Page was up and there at five,
Waiting and mowing for the clerk
to come;

He waited, but the clerk did ne'er
arrive,

So at last Mr. Page went home;
But when he got there, what was
his surprise,

To find that the clerk so early did
rise,
And, instead of blood, did win the
prize,

And was off with miss.
Mr. Page went to bed in such a
way,

Took physic, for he could not stay,
To think that miss had run away
With the barber's clerk.

The clerk proved untrue to this
pretty dear—

He left her suddenly soon after;
So, loves, pray all, do you take
care,

And pray mind what you're after;
Perhaps a good husband Mr. Page
would make,

If miss had not made such a mis-
take,

And repented when it was too late,
For all I know.

However, that be as it may,
Such wicked tricks this man did
play,

That soon they hung, out of the
way,

This barber's clerk

THE GHOSTS OF POLLY ROCK AND HER TWO BANT- LINGS.

WHEN I was but a tiny boy,
And sailed on board a privateer,
Three dreadful ghosts did me annoy,
And to my sight did oft appear!
A woman tall, who, on each arm,
A little pale-faced bantling bore,
And cried, 'O! Sam, we'll do no
harm,

For we, alas! are now no more!

The Captain of your ship,' she
cried, [betray;

'My love and truth did sore
And these poor babes with me
have died, [day;

Who might have lived another
'Dear ghost,' I said, 'all this is
hard,

If Captain Rock be such an elf,
While I am watching on my guard,
I think you'd better tell himself'

She took the hint—down slid the
ghosts [low;

To where the Captain slept be-
She drew his curtains to the posts,

And pale she gazed as drifted
snow! [tain Rock,

'I'm come,' she cried, 'bold Cap-
To plague thy heart our ghosts
are come;

Full cold I am as marble block,
And eke the young ones, Sal and
Tom.'

'Dear Polly Rock,' the Captain
said,

And trembled much as he thus
spoke,

'I never heard that you were dead,
And fear, my love, that you but
joke.' [straight,

To prove her truth, they vanished
And at their heels a fiery flame;

The Captain roared out for his
mate, [again.

Drank off his grog—and slept

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

MOLLY POPPS.

ONE morn, whilst I was brewing,
My thoughts each thought pursuing,
First malt and hops, next Molly

Popps,
Thinks I, I'll go a wooing;
Oh yes, I will,
Indeed I will.

Tol de rol, &c.

Chance in my brew-house brought
her:

' Dame Popps, I love your daughter,
And feel inclined to tell my mind,
And cut my longing shorter.'

Oh yes, I do,
Indeed I do.

Tol de rol, &c.

My Molly dear now came in,
With love my heart inflaming;
Her mother said, 'The lad's afraid
Her passion you'll be blaming.'

Oh yes, he is,
Indeed he is.

Tol de rol, &c.

Cried Moll, 'You stupid rash cub,
Think I'd marry such a scrub?
Your hopes desist,' so with her fist
She sours'd me in the mash-tub.

Oh yes, she did,
She really did.

Tol de rol, &c.

PAT MULLINS,

THE IRISH PAGANINI!

PAT MULLINS could fiddle, and
play on one string,
Like old *Paganini*, the fam'd
fiddle-king;

On a large butt o' beer he once fiddle'd
by chance,

While ladies and gentlemen to him
did dance.

Singing, filliloo fiddle'em yud-
dle'em, muddle'en, diddle'em,
doodle'em, duddle'em dee.

Pat Mullins play'd up, and for whis-
key did shout;

The liquor *went in*, and his wits
then *went out*;

He danc'd on the butt, that was full
of good cheer,

Till the head *gave way*, and *way*
laid him in beer.

Singing, filliloo, &c.

Pat Mullins in *porter* got *pick'd*,
I hear,

And many remark'd that he *laid*
on his bier;

While some at the fair play'd at all
fours and put,

Pat Mullins got *malty* in *barley*
corn's butt.

Singing, filliloo, &c.

Pat Mullins in *heavy-wet* met his
reward,

He manag'd to crawl home as drunk
as a lord;

Says he to his Judy, 'I'm in a queer
shape, [a *scrape*.'

My fiddle and me have both got in
Singing, filliloo, &c.

'Pat Mullins,' says Judy, 'och!
look at your coat,

What *key* d'ye call that,—you can't
play — *note*;

'Oh, *bar* that,' says he, as he fell
on the cat,

'My music is set, now, in *double X*
flat.'

Singing, filliloo, &c.

Pat Mullins look'd like a poor tai-
lor half hung,

For rolling in *stingo*, why he has
been *stung*;

Pat Mullins with money is not
over run'd,

So he plays a new tune on the *Mu-
sical Fund*.

Singing, filliloo, &c.

WHAT MAN WOULD BE WITHOUT A WOMAN.

THOUGH much is said and sung
about a woman's tongue,

I think that I can prove to you its
merit ere 'tis long;

To the sex I'll tune my lays, and
adore them all my days,

And it's my intention now to sing
in woman's praise.

I'll prove that lovely woman is a
man's best friend,

Sticking back and edge to him till
life doth end,—

That man who'd single go had bet-
ter be below,

But what man would be without a
woman I should like to know?

That man, &c.

If a man has got a wife, he may
lead a happy life,

Although, at times, the best of folks
may have a little strife;

Woman's tongue must use its po-
wer, but her passion's like a
shower,

In April, when there's storm and
sunshine all within an hour.

A man had better let a woman have
her way,

And let her chatter, chatter, chatter,
all the day;

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

For though her tongue may go in
scandal too, or so,
What man would have a woman
dumb, I'd really like to know?
For though, &c.

At home she's man's best friend, for
him she'll wash and mend,
And unto all his many wants she
will attend;
But a single man it's true, for him-
self must boil or stew,
Must mend his clothes, must wash
his shirt, and molly coddle, too.
A married man, to happy be, can
never fail,
But a single man is like a dog with-
out a tail!
Poor and ragged he may go, unless
he'd botch and sew;—
What man would be a molly all
his life, I'd like to know.
Poor and ragged, &c.

Though the child he'll have to
nurse, yet still he may do worse,
Though when it wets him through
and through it perhaps may
make him curse!
It proves that he's a man, and tha
something do he can,
It proves the woman loves him, too
and acts a steady plan:
Perhaps he also has to drag the
child about,
And often put into his hat a dirty
clout;
But if he does do so, affection it
does show,
And where's the man who wouldn't
love his own, I'd like to know!
But if he does do so, &c.

A house without a fair is like a
desert drear,
A garden with no flowers, or vege-
tation near;
Like a tail without a head, or bed-
stead with no bed;
So, lads, if you're not silly, you
will quickly go and wed—
A single life you'll find to be a bit-
ter pill,
No one to soothe or nurse you, if
by chance you're ill;
But woman, I can show, is man's
only joy below;
So, what man would be without a
woman, I should like to know?
But woman, &c.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

In the parish of Newington, I have
heard say,

A sweet little maiden was in a bad
way;
The folks were alarm'd with the
lot of—oh, la's!
So they sent for a doctor to find
out the cause.

Tol lol, &c.

The doctor ran off with his powder
and pill, [ill;
To physic his patient that was very
He shook and he sung out, old
Death will absorb us,
The young woman is dying with—
cholera morbus.

Tol lol, &c.

The master and mistress, with
plenty of wealth,
Made the case quickly known to
the new board of health;
So ten of the most sapient medical
men
Cut away, quick as lightning, to
visit the ken.

Tol lol, &c.

In no time at all they arrived at
the house,
And to the young woman one
crawl'd like a mouse;
Oh, says he to the others, with
such a fierce look,
To the Collar'em Hospital she must
be took.

Tol lol, &c.

They ordered the things to be burnt
in the room,
And then rubb'd the walls with a
sort of perfume;
All this was attended to without
delay,
When the young woman, groaning,
was carried away.

Tol lol, &c.

They physic'd her well, from the
toe to the head,
And then between blankets they put
her to bed;
But within half an hour, she cried
out with joy,
What a set of old fools—and show'd
them a fine boy.

Tol lol, &c.

So in spite of the doctor she had a
new lease,
This old population she now would
increase;
So God bless the ladies, when-
ever they're queer,
May they never be collar'd, nor
yet live in fear.

Tol lol, &c.

HODGSON'S SCOTCH SONGSTER.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Pibroch O'Donnel Dhu, Pibroch
O'Donnel, [mon Clan Connel,
Wake thy wild voice anew,—sum-
Come away, come away—hark to
the summons! [commons.
Come in your war array, gentles and
Come from each glen, and from
mountains sae rocky,—
The war-drum and pennon are at In-
verlockie. [heart that wears one;
Come, every bill-plaid, and true
Come, every steel blade, and strong
arm that bears one.
Leave untented the flock, and the
herds without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd, and the
bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
leave nets and barges;—
Come with your fighting-gear, broad
swords, and targets.
Come, as the wind comes, when
forests are rended;
Come, as the wind comes, when
navies are stranded.—
Faster, come! faster, come! faster
and faster!—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom, te-
nant and master.
Fast they come! fast they come!
see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle-plume, blend-
ed wi' heather;
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
forward each man set—
Pibroch O'Donnel Dhu, now for
the onset!

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes, and streams
around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfolds her
robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloom'd the gay,
green birk, [sown
How rich the hawthorn's blos
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom,
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd em-
brace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipp'd my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's
the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
O, pale, pale, now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd, for ay, the sparkling
glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now, in silent dust,
The heart that lov'd me dearly;
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet ap-
pear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay. [sung:
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd
The hills and dales with Nanny
rung; [swain,
While Roslin Castle heard the
Andechoed back the cheerful strain.
Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing
spring [sing!
With rapture warms, awake and
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn
O; hark, my love! on ev'ry spray'
Each feather'd warbler tunes his
lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting
song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's
eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul wi' sweet alarms.
O, come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath
shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O, hither haste! and with thee
bring [spring,
That beauty blooming like the
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast o'
mine!

HODGSON'S SCOTCH SONGSTER.

SWEET' ANNY.

Sweet Anny frae the sea-beach
came, [side ;
Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's
Ah ! what can keep their heart a'
hame, [tide ?
When Jocky's toss'd aboon the
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll prove true, as he ha'
been ;
And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
He'll think on Anny, his faithfu'
ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen ;
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een.
And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Toss'd up and down the dinsome
main ;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie! sing nae
mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away ;
My Jocky wad be troubled sair,
To see his friend his love betray :
For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithfu'
flow ;
My heart to him shall true remain ;
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's
head, [still ;
And gar the waves be calm and
His hameward sail wi' breeze speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What, tho' my Jocky's far away ;
Yet he will braw in siller shine ;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again return.

HURRAH FOR THE BON- NETS OF BLUE.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa.
And wha winna wish guid luck to
our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa.
It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
It's gude to support Caledonia's
cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue !
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !
It's gude to support Caledonia's
cause,
And bide by the bonnets o' blue.
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa.

Here's a health to Donald, the chief
of the clan,
Although that his band be sma' ;
Here's freedom to him that wad
read, [write ;
Here's freedom to him that wad
There's none ever fear'd that the
truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indict.
Hurrah for the bonnets, &c.

LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove,
Bonnie lassie, O
Through its mazes let us rove,
Bonnie lassie, O
Where the rose in all its pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide,
Bonnie lassie, O !
We will wander by the mill,
Bonnie lassie, O !
To the cove beside the rill,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty waterfall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Then we'll up to yonder glade,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Where so oft beneath its shade,
Bonnie lassie, O !
With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Oh, I soon must bid adieu,
Bonnie lassie, O !
To this fairy scene, and you,
Bonnie lassie, O !
To the streamlet whining clear,
To the fragrant-scented briar—
E'en to thee, of all most dear,
Bonnie lassie, O !
For the frowns of fortune low'r,
Bonnie lassie, O !
On thy lover at this hour,
Bonnie lassie, O
Ere the golden orb of day
Wake the warblers from the spray,
From this land I must away,
Bonnie lassie, O !
And when on a distant shore,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Should I fall, 'midst battle's roar,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry drop a tear ?
Bonnie lassie, O !

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

Some love to roam o'er the dark
sea foam, [free,
Where the shrill winds whistle
But a chosen band in a mountain
land,
And life in the woods for me.
When morning beams in the moun-
tain streams,
Oh! merrily forth we go,
To follow the stag on the mountain
crag,
And to chase the bounding roe.
Yo ho, yo ho, &c.

The deer we mark, in the forest
dark,
And the prowling wolf we track,
And our good right cheer, is the
wild boar here
Oh! why should the hunter lack.
With steady aim at the bounding
game,
And a heart that fears no foe,
In the darksome glade, in the forest
shade,
Oh! merrily forth we go.
Yo ho, yo ho, &c.

SHOULD MY OCUNTRY
DEMAND.

Should my country demand, I'll
not flinch from he tword,
But grapple my gun with the
youngest aboard:
Though there's snow on my brow,
yet my hand here is warm,
And this heart, though 'tis old,
still could weather a storm.
This hull, though all batter'd and
splinter'd and broke, [of Oak!
Is still British timber, is still *Heart*
Though there's snow on my brow,
yet my courage is warm,
And this jolly old heart still could
weather a storm.

SING, SING, SING, WHO
SINGS.

Sing, sing, sing, who sings [rings?
To her that weareth a hundred
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The vine boys—the vine:
The mother of mighty wine;
The mother of mighty wine,
A roamer is she o'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.
Drink drink, drink, who drinks
To her who blushes but never
thinks!
Oh! who is this lady fine?
The grape boys—the grape;
O, never let her escape,

Until she be turn'd to wine;
For better is she than vine can be,
And very, very good company.

Dream, dream, dream, who dreams
Of the god who governs a thousand
streams?

Oh, who is this spirit fine?
'Tis wine boys—'tis wine;
God Bacchus, a friend of mine,
Who maketh a man divine;
Ah! better is he than vine or tree,
And the best of all good company.

POOR BESSY WAS A SAIL-
OR'S WIFE.

Poor Bessy was a Sailor's wife,
And he was off to sea;
Their only child was by her side,
And who so sad as she?
"Forget me not, forget me not,
When you are far from me;
And whatso'er poor Bessy's lot,
She will remember thee!"

A twelvemonth scarce had past away
As it was told to me;
When Willy with a gladsome heart
Came home again from sea.
He bounded up the craggy path,
And sought his cottage door;
But his poor wife and lovely child,
Poor Willy saw no more!

"Forget me not, forget me not,"
The words wrung in his ear;
He ask'd the neighbours one by
one,
Each answer'd with a tear.
They pointed to the old churchyard
And there his youthful bride,
With the dear child he loved so
well,
Were resting side by side.

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN
HORN.

Yes, I will leave the battle field,
And seek again my native land:
I'll cast aside my spear and shield,
And join the merry mountain
band.

To roam o'er hill and valley green,
I gaily rise at early dawn,
And listen to the echo wild,
Of the merry mountain horn.

I love to watch the rising sun,
That gaily gilds the mountain
brow;

I love my home when toil is done,
And smiles that greet my quick
return.

To roam, &c.

RISE HEROD, MY HOUND.

Rise Herod, my hound, from the
stranger's floor, [once more,
Old friend we must wander the world
For no one now liveth to welcome
us back, [track.
So come, let us speed on our fated
What matter the region? what
matter the weather? [ther;
So you and I travel till death toge-
And in death why e'en there I may
still be found, [blood-hound.
By the side of my beautiful black
What Herod, old hound, dost re-
member the day,
When I fronted the wolves like a
stag at bay,
When downwards they gallop'd to
where we stood,
Whilst I staggered with fear in the
dark pinewood,
Dost remember their howlings, their
horrible speed? [in need,
God! God! how I prayed for a friend
And he came; ah! 'twas then my
dear Herod I found,
That the best of all friends was my
bold blood-hound.
Men tell us, dear friend, that the
noble hound [less ground;
Must for ever be lost in the worth
Yet 'Courage,' 'Fidelity,' 'Love,'
they say, away.
Bear man as on wings to his skies
Well, Herod, go tell them whatever
may be, [thee;
I'll hope I may ever be found by
If in sleep, or in heaven, with heaven
around, [dear blood hound,
May'st thou follow e'en thither, my
My dear, my dear blood hound.

FOR EVER HALLOW'D BE
THE ROCK.

For ever hallow'd be the rock,
Amid the Atlantic wave; [shock,
Where from contending nation's
In quiet sleep the brave!
The breath of calumny is hush'd,
And envy's self has fled,
We weep above the foe we crush'd.
We war not with the dead.
The only land he conquer'd not,
The land which seal'd his doom -
Her children now regret his lot,
They honour now his tomb.
And, oh! since death has laid him
low,
It well befits the brave,
With unbought reverence to bow,
Around Napoleon's grave!

THE BANNER THAT FLOATS
ON THE MAIN.

In the midst of its fury the tempest
sweeps by, [grave,
And the ocean is dark as the
Not a star as a beacon shines forth
in the sky, [wave.
For the sailor that travels the
Who answers the winds, 'mid the
shrouds as they sing, [vain?
Who smiles as they threaten in
'Tis the Briton that's true to his
country and king, [main.
And the banner that floats on the
And the banner that floats, and the
banner that floats, [main.
And the banner that floats on the
No tempest of ocean's dark billows
fear we, [we love;
Safe at home with the friends that
And still with that home we con-
tented will be, [rove.
Nor e'er from its friends wish to
Yet, as pleasure's fair flowret's
around us spring,
We'll bumper the crystal again,
To the Briton that's true to his
country and king, [main.
And the banner that floats on the
And the banner, &c.
But, should we e'er stray amid
Spain's orange bowers,
With the genius of love and ro-
mance; [of flowers,
Or sing, as we twine, for the goddess
The vine & the myrtle of France;
Still, still as to memory's home-
feelings we cling, [Champagne.
We'll fill the bright glass with
To the Briton that's true to his
country and king, [main.
And the banner that floats on the
And the banner, &c.

ROUSE FROM THY SLUMBER

Rouse from thy slumber, liberty
calls thee; [can appal thee.
Foes may outnumber, what force
Banners are streaming, war steeds
are bounding, [are sounding.
Falcions are gleaming; trumpets
On to the battle, slaves are before
thee! [own glory!
Tho' death balls rattle, gain your
Burst then asunder the fetters that
chain thee, [reign thee.
Echo in thunder, no bigot shall
Tyrants assembling, marshal their
minions, [in millions
Traitors are trembling, freedom
On to the battle, &c.

PRETTY ROSALINE.

'Twas near the banks of bonny
Tweed and in a flowery dell;
A rustic cottage rear'd its head,
the traveller knew it well;
For there a little lassie dwelt as
fair as beauty's queen;
Not one so rare, not one so fair, as
pretty Rosaline!
Oh, so bright, so gay and light, so
meek and mild her een;
Heaven's own lustre lit the eye, of
pretty Rosaline.

An aged mother, feeble, blind, was
Rosa's only care,
Never child was half so kind, or
parent half so dear!
To get her food she'd spin and knit,
wi' cheerful heart I ween,
And blind old Jenny fondly lov'd,
her pretty Rosaline!
Oh, how gay, at close of day, they
wandered o'er the green;
Jenny's feeble steps were led, by
pretty Rosaline!

A cruel lord so proud and base,
sought shelter in the dell;
Enraptur'd wi' her bonny face, he
vow'd, she trusted, fell!
Betray'd, despis'd, her spirits droop'd
no more she sought the green;
But like a lilly in its bloom, died
pretty Rosaline!
Her mother dear, had none to cheer,
she died that very e'en;
And blind old Jenny sleeps beside,
her pretty Rosaline!

OH, YES, SO WELL, SO TENDERLY.

Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly,
Thon'rt lov'd, ador'd by me;
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee;
Though brimmed with blisses pure
and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away,
Oh, yes, so well, &c.

Without thy smile how joylessly
All glory's meeds I see!
And e'en the wreath of victory
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds for which the con-
qu'ror sighs,
For me have now no charms,
My only world's thy radiant eyes,
My throne those circling arms,
Oh, yes, so well, &c.

IF THAT I LOVE.

If that I love? Ah, wherefore need
I tell, [sions swell;
Since at thy name my highest pas-
Bright grows mine eye, love, flush'd
is my cheek— [speak.
If these are lies, love, ne'er bid me
If that I love! I'st possible to live,
Where all are fair, and each a smile
to give, [fair,
And not to show it for thee, most
Or not to know it when thou art
there!

Did I not love, far colder were my
smile, [guile,
Selfish, and ne'er another's lip to
Proof need'st thou seek not, save
in mine eye—
And if it speak not, truth is a lie.

ONE LITTLE KISS FROM
LIPS I LOVE.

One little kiss from lips I love,
In the quiet shade of our native
grove,
Is dearer far to me,
Than all the pomp I see.
When the merry dance prevails,
And twilight tells no tales,
One little kiss yields purer bliss
—yes—yes.

Hath silded splendour such reward,
As the pleasure which humble loves
record;
One lowly heart, sincere,
Outvies each transport here,
And from lips where love prevails,
When twilight tells no tales,
One kind, soft kiss, yields purer
bliss—yes—yes,
When twilight tells no tales.

CANST THOU LOVE & COLD-
LY FLY ME.

Canst thou love and coldly fly me?
Beauteous riddle that thou art;
Softly smile and then deny me,
When I'd press thee to my heart.
Like a lovely sportive child,
Trifling with a lover's pain;
Whilst a glance so sweetly wild,
Tells me I'm beloved again.

Oh, th' extremes of bliss & anguish,
Mingle in my fevered breast;
Now in hopeless love I languish,
Then, in fancy, am more blest.
Yet my fate I'll not upbraid,
For I wish not to be free;
Since an age of pain is paid,
By one tender smile from thee.

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

TO-MORROW'S MY BIRTH-DAY.

To-morrow's my birth-day, I'm then
seventeen, [bachelors mean,
And I really can't think what you
I can't for my life, tell thee where-
fore or why, [sigh.
You let a poor damsel in solitude
There is not a girl in the village
I know, of a beau;
Excepting myself, but what boasts
I'm as pretty, I'm sure, as a maiden
need be, [ing to me.
And yet there is no one comes woo-
Wooring to me, &c.

My mother, she tells me, whenever
I'm vex't, [will come next;
That if I'll have patience, my turn
That many a youth who has spurned
at our wiles, [smiles.
Has yielded unto a few innocent
But against her advice I'm inclined
to rebel, [very well,
As it does not succeed, for I know
I'm as free with my smiles as a
maiden should be,
And yet there is no one (*spoken*.
No, not one!) comes wooing
to me.

Wooring to me, &c.

There's a certain young man, and I
hardly know why, [he's nigh;
But I blush & look foolish whenever
And if at a ball he's my partner by
chance, [the dance:
I think more of him than I do of
Moreover, I've seen, that when to
me he speaks, [his cheeks;
The blood from his heart rushes into
So I think in his blushing, a sign I
can see, [wooring to me!
That he will very shortly come
Wooring to me, &c.

WHEN THE BOATSWAIN PIPES ALL HANDS.

When the boatswain pipes all hands,
And mischief is the word,
When drum and fife are played,
And the grog goes round aboard.
A cabin boy, with a yo heave O!
And a cheer for my country and
king, [light,
In trowsers white, and footsteps
I'll merrily dance and sing,
With too, too, too, too; (*imi-
tates a fife*)
And a row, dow, dow, dow; (*imi-
tates a drum.*)
In trowsers white, &c.

When the bullets whiz and fly,
I'll ne'er desert my gun;
Except when duty bids,
Then above, below, I'll run.
The victory gain'd, with a yo
heave O!
And three cheers, &c.

WHEN TIME HATH BEREFT THEE.

When time hath bereft thee of
charms now divine,
And youth shall have left thee, nor
beauty be thine;
When the roses shall vanish that
circle thee now,
And the thorn thou would'st ban-
ish shall press on thy brow,
In the hour of thy sadness thou'lt
think upon me.
But the thought shall be madness,
deceiver to thee.
When he who could turn thee from
virtue and fame,
Shall leave thee and spurn thee,
to sorrow and shame;
When by him, thus requited, thy
brain shall be stung,
Thy hopes shall be blighted, thy
bosom be wrung,
In the depth of thy sadness, thou'lt
think then one me,
But that thought shall be madness,
deceiver to thee.

COME, FILL ME A GOBLET OF SPARKLING WINE.

Come, fill me a goblet of sparkling
wine,
And fill'd to the brim it must be,
Tis the nectar they say of the God-
head's divine, [to thee.
And I'll drink, dearest Scotland,
'Long, long may thy name, at dear
liberty's shrine, [free;
Be rank'd with the brave and the
And long may'st thou in bright
glory's page shine, [to thee.
Here's a health, bonny Scotland,
Ah, can I forget thy glory of old!
When led by the Bruce to the
field; [bravely uphold,
'Gainst numberless foes thou didst
And forc'd the proud Southrons
to yield. [drink the toast,
Oh, no, while I'm left, I will still
So dear to the brave & the free;
"The land of my birth," each true
Scotchman's boast, [to thee.
Here's a health, bonny Scotland,

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

WE HAVE LIVED & LOVED.

We have liv'd and lov'd together,
Thro' many changing years;
We have shared each other's glad-
ness,
And dried each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow,
That was long unsooth'd by thee,
For thy smile can make a summer
Where darkness else would be.
Like the leaves that fall around us,
In autumn's fading hours;
Are the traitor smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow lowers.
And tho' many such we've known
love,
For prone, alas! to range;
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.
We have liv'd and lov'd together,
Thro' many changing years;
We have shar'd each other's glad-
ness,
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future,
As the past hath been, will be,
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

I SAW HIM BUT ONCE.

I saw him but once, I saw him in
sorrow, [had met;
It scarcely appears that we ever
He spoke not, he gazed not, 'twas
only a sigh, [forget.
But oh! 'twas a sigh I shall never
It seem'd like the last gale that
wafts o'er the rose,
When the autumn blight falls
ere the summer hath fled;
And the flower whose beauty was
scarce in its prime,
'Mid its glory and perfume lies
wither'd and dead.
I saw him no more, his doom they
revealed me, [words how severe,
His name, too, they branded with
It might be deserved, but his fate
seem'd so hard, [a tear.
I still must accord to its victim
I've thought one so young, that the
grief of his voice,
Spoke a heart from whose centre
remorse had not fled;
For remorse might have lived screen-
ed from misery's blights,
Ere his name and his glory fell
wither'd and dead.

OLD CONWELL, THE PILOT.

Old Conwell, the pilot, for many a
year,
Had plenty of vessels in charge,
And knew of each sand-bank and
shoal to steer clear, [at large;
Whether sailing, close haul'd, or
At last, safely moor'd with a well-
timbered purse, [his friend:
Heart and house open wide to
With old Poll, once a dasher, now
turn'd to a nurse, [Gravesend.
He has bought a snug birth at
From a kind of poop-lantern, plac'd
over the Thames, [his prog,
Where he took with his messmates
Bound outward or homeward, the
ship and their names, [grog.
They'd spy as they guzzled their
Now cocking the spy-glass, and
clearing the Nore, [out end;
Why, Jack, they are come with.
There's the Neptune, the Glory,
and, further in shore, [end.
Fame & Liberty making Graves-
And see, where the river in branches
divides,
Cut in two all the same as a fork;
How proudly the Commerce with
Industry rides, [to Cork.
Then the Blarney—oh, she's bound
There's the homeward-bound fleets
from the Downs, only see,
So started their top-gallant masts
bend; [the Ant, and the Bee,
There's the Silkworm, the Beaver,
And all standing on for Gravesend.
There's the Fortitude yonder, at
danger that mocks, [tench;
The Nimble, that swims like a
The bold Resolution, that steers
clear of rocks, [the French.
The Britannia that lugs at
Thus a magnet old Thames firmly
holds in his mouth, [tend;
To which all sorts of merchandize
And the trade of all nations, West,
North, East, and South,
Like the needle, points right to
Gravesend.

ROBBER'S GLEE.

The tiger conches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveller's
blood,
And so couch we;
We spring upon him to supply,
What men unto our wants deny,
And so springs he,

GOOD BYE, MY LOVE, GOOD
BYE.

Good bye, my love, good bye,
My bark is in the bay;
And I must reach Isle Hydra,
Before the blush of day!
But weep not though I go,
To the perils of the main;
My blood red flag ere long,
Shall meet thy gaze again!
Hark! I hear the signal gun,
Day's bright orb its course has run,
Fare thee well, my lovely one:
List: again the signal gun,
One kiss, my love, good bye! one
kiss, my love, good bye.
Good bye, &c.

The breeze is blowing sweet, love,
The crew now wait for me;
Yonder like some wild bird,
My bark's white sails I see!
Then think not, love, of danger,
Dry up the timid tear;
Thou art the corsair's bride,
And should not harbour fear.
Hark! 'tis the signal gun, &c.

WEEP NOT MOTHER,
THOUGH THY CHILD.

Weep not mother, though thy child
too soon from thee must part,
Oh, let not useless sorrow break thy
fond, thy doating heart;
I have no fear, no dread of death,
nor shrink from its cold sleep,
I know no terror, feel no pain, but
when I see thee weep.

Although but few have been my
years, which now are closing fast,
I feel no wish to tarry here, nor
sigh for what is past,
I leave this weary world of woe,
more lasting joys to reap,
Then, wherefore weep to lose thy
child, wherefore mother weep!
To leave thee, whom I ever loved,
to say farewell to thee,
To meet thy last fond gaze,—to hear
thy fervent prayer for me.
Would move my dying heart, and
to my ebbing soul sink deep,—
Yet could I patiently bear this, but
cannot see thee weep.

Then weep not mother, though thy
child too soon from thee must
part,
Oh! let not useless sorrow break
thy fond, thy doating heart.
E'en now I feel the chill of death,
I strain to breathe—'tis vain!—
Oh! mother, one embrace,—I die!
—we part,—to meet again.

SHOUT, SONS OF THE OCEAN.

Shout, sons of the ocean, the free
and the brave,
All dangers for liberty scorning;
The death-song of Tyranny peals
o'er the wave, [morning.
And fair dawns the freedom of
Yet still, as her heroes, united, ad-
vance, [endeavour,
Should glory crown each bold
Be Friendship the watchword of
England and France, [ever.
And be it their watchword for
While the vessels of England sail
proud o'er the seas,
With the voices of freedom to
cheer them, [the free breeze,
Let the banners of Tyranny mock
For the sons of the brave soon
shall meet them.
Yet still as they meet them with
sword and with lance, [sever,
The slave from his thralldom to
Be Friendship the watchword of
England and France, [ever.
And be it their watchword for
A voice has gone forth from the
land of the vine, [glory;
As a spirit of might and of
And bright may the day-star of
Liberty shine, [story
As it lights up the dark page of
Yet still as each despot awakes from
his trance, [deavour!
Fresh fetters to forge—vain en-
Be Friendship the watchword of
England and France, [ever.
And be it their watchword for

I REALLY KNOW NOT WHAT
TO THINK.

I really know not what to think,
But yet it's quite surprising;
The young men always at me wink,
With looks so tantalizing.
Both young and old my favours sue,
With vows so arch and witty;
Which plainly proves, indeed it's
true,
I must be very pretty!
Very pretty, very pretty:
Oh, yes I must, indeed I must,
I must be very pretty.

They say I'm like an angel fair,
And eulogize each feature,
Some praise my eyes, some praise
my hair,
And call me lovely creature.
They cannot all be false—ah, no!
Their case I sadly pity;
The only reason is, I know,
I must be very pretty!
Very pretty, very pretty, &c.

**WELL, I'VE BEEN TRYING
FULL AN HOUR**

Well, I've been trying full an hour,
To peep at sister Fan;
She's seated there in yonder bower,
And with a gentleman.
I wonder what they've got to say,
I must not go too near;
And my ears are buzzing so to-day,
Not one word can I hear.

She never tells me her secrecies,
She says, I'm far too young.
But this I know, I've ears and eyes,
And what's more, have a tongue,
And I'll to Pa, this instant go;
Ay, he shall know of this,
Hark! what's that noise! I ought
to know,
I'm sure it was a kiss.

Oh, there she is, and there is he,
And something in his hand;
I long to know what that can be
That makes her look so bland.
She never looked on me so fair,
There's magic in the thing,
To please her so,—why, I declare,
'Tis but a little ring.

**THERE'S A BRIGHTNESS IN
THINE EYE.**

There's a brightness in thine eye,
love,
Like light in summer hours;
There's an odour in thy sigh, love,
More sweet than opening flowers,
There's a ruby on thy lip, love,
More bright than rosy wine;
From no other cup I'd sip, love,
But the nectar'd brim of thine.
There's, &c.

The music of thy tongue, love,
Would still a seraph's voice,
There's a softness in thy song, love,
Like the breeze when flowers
rejoice.
A world is in thy kiss, love,
And in thy smile I see
Such rapture, I've no wish, love,
But destiny and thee.
There's, &c.

**PRETTY BABY, SMILE
AGAIN.**

Pretty baby, smile again:
There's a charin in that blue eye,
Europe's wealth would strive in
vain
From thy mother's arms to buy.
What to her the purest pearl
Sent from ocean's fairy cove?
So she's still her blue-eyed girl,
Ocean's pearl let others have.

On thy cheek the rose of spring
Blushes bright and fair bestows;
Lilies o'er thy forehead fling
All their wealth of-floral snows.
Angels guard thy cradled sleep,
As they watch thee from above;
Hush thee, then,—why, baby, weep!
'Tis a mother's kiss of love!

True, the time may come when each
Rose and lily fade away;
Grief and care e'en thee may reach,
Ere beams forth life's summer's
day.

Still, while green its vernal bower,
Prematurely why complain?
Pleasure gilds the present hour—
Pretty baby, smile again.

**THE LADY-BIRD SKIMS O'ER
THE WOODBINE.**

The lady-bird skims o'er the wood-
bine,
And bees in the lily repose,
The summer-fly rests on the cowslip
But Love lies asleep in the rose:
The rose is the casket of Cupid,
His spell from its redolence flows,
Beware of the hand which presents
it,

For love lies asleep in the rose.

The lady-bird flaunts from your
presence, [smart,
The bee thrills your lip with a
The summer-fly flutters around you,
But Love plants a thorn in the
heart:

The rose is the casket of Cupid,
Its perfume with soft magic flows,
Let the hand of affection present it,
For love lies asleep in the rose.

VIVE LE ROI.

Swearing death to traitor slave,
Hands we clench, swords we draw,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive le roi! Vive le roi!

Hearts that valiant thoughts inspire
Rebel threats ne'er shall harm,
Not till life's last throb expire,
Vive le roi! Vive le roi!

TOASTS

May the blossoms of friendship ne-
ver be nipped in the bud.
Honour's best employment — The
protection of innocence.
May our hearts have for tenants,
truth, candour, and benevolence.
May the lamp of friendship be
lighted with the oil of sincerity.
Pleasures that please on reflection

HODGSON'S COLLECTION OF SONGS.

JIM CROW.

Come listen all ye gals and boys,
 I'm just come from 'Tuckhe-o,
 I'm goin' to sing a litle song,
 My name him be Jim Crow,
 I was born in Ole Virginny a long
 time ago, [jump, Jim Crow ;
 Ven Uncle Sam he made de enemy
 Veel about and turn about, and do
 jis so, [Jim Crow.
 Eb'ry time I veel about I jump,
 Oh, I'm a roarer on de fiddle,
 An down in Ole Virginny
 Dey say I play de scientific,
 Like massa Paganini ;
 I went down to de ribber,
 I didn't mean to stay,
 But dere I see so many galls,
 I could'nt get away.
 Oh, I met de pretty miss Dinah,
 An I gib her a buss,
 She slapt me in de face,
 And made a monty fuss ;
 And den I go to New Orleans,
 And feel so full of fight,
 Dey put me in de calaboose,
 And keep me dere all night.
 When I got out I hit a man,
 His name I now forgot,
 And dere noting left
 'Sept a little grease spot ;
 I whipt my weight in wild cats,
 I eat an alligator,
 And tear up more ground
 Den kifer fifty load of tater.
 I sit upon a hornet's nest,
 I dance upon my head,
 I tie a wiper round my neck,
 And den I goes to bed ;
 I kneels to de buzzard,
 And I bows to de crow,
 And eberv time I veel about,
 I jumps jis so.
 A ring tailed monkey,
 An a rib-nose baboon,
 Went out de oder day,
 To spend de afternoon ;
 On de vay de bake de oat cake,
 In ole Virginny niber tire,
 Dey put de doe upon de foot,
 An hole it to de fire.
 Snake baked a hoe cake,
 And set de frog to watch it,
 De frog he fell asleep,
 And de lizzard come an cotch it.
 Deres possum up de gum tree,
 And racoon in de hollow,
 Wake snakes for June bugs,
 Stole my half dollar.
 Den go abed white folks,
 Don't be slow,
 Hop ober dubble trebble,
 Jump Jim Crow ;

Old folks, young folks,
 Please let me go,
 I come anoder time,
 An sing Jim Crow.

ENCORE VERSE.

Oh, white folks, white folks,
 I see you up to snuff,
 And I's afraid indeed,
 Dat you neber get enough ;
 So neber mind de wedder,
 Or how de wind do blow,
 For in spite of wind and wedder,
 Vill I jump, Jim Crow.

THE LITERARY DUSTMAN.

*Music sold by T. PURDAY, 50, St.
 Paul's Church Yard.*

Some folks may boast of sense, egad,
 What holds a lofty station ;
 But tho' a dustman, I have had
 A lib'ral *hedication* ;
 And tho' I never vent to school,
 Like many of my betters,
 A turnpike-man, vot varn't no fool,
 He larnt me all my letters.
 They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis clear,
 As Adam vos the fust man,—
 And, by a co-in-side-ance queer,
 Vy, I'm the fust of Dustmen,
 Vy, I'm the fust of Dustmen !

At sartin schools they makes boys
 write

Their alphabet on sand, sirs,
 So I thought dust vould do as vell,
 And larnt it out of hand, sirs ;
 Took in the " Penny Magazine,"
 And Johnson's *Dixionary*,
 And all the Peri-od-ic cats,
 To make me *literary*.

They calls, &c.
 My dawning genius fust did peep,
 Near Battle-bridge, 'tis plain, sirs,
 You recollect the cinder heap,
 Vot stood in Gray's-Inn-Lane,
 sirs !

'Twas there I studied pic-turesque,
 Vile I my bread vos yearnin' ;
 And there inhalin' the fresh breeze,
 I *sifted out my larnin' !*

They calls, &c.
 Then Mrs. Bell, 'twixt you and I,
 Vould melt a heart of stone, sirs,
 To hear her pussy's wittals cry ;
 In such a *barrow-tone*, sirs,
 My darters all take arter her
 In grace and figure easy,
 They larns to sing, & as they're fat,
 I has 'em taught by *Crist !*

They calls, &c.
 Ve dines at four, and arter that
 I smokes a mild *Awanna* ;
 Or gives a lesson to the lad
 Upon the grand *pianaa*.

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